

SONNET VIII.

THEN to PARTHBNOPHE, with all
post haste
(As full assured of the pawn
fore-pledged), I made; and, with these
words disordered placed,
Smooth (though with fury's sharp
outrages edged). Quoth I, " Fair
Mistress! did I set mine Heart
At liberty, and for that, made
him free ; That you should arm
him for another start.
Whose certain bail you promised to
be ! " " Tush!" quoth PARTHENOPHE, "
before he go,
I'll be his bail at last, and doubt it
not! " " Why then," said I, " that
Mortgage must I show
Of your true love, which at your hands
I got
Ay me! She was, and is his bail, I wot:
But when the Mortgage should have
cured the sore
She passed it off, by Deed of Gift
before.

SONNET IX,

SO did PARTHENOPHE release
mine Heart!
So did She rob me of mine
heart's rich treasure ! Thus shall
She be his bail before they part!
Thus in her love She made me such
hard measure! Ay me ! nor hope of
mutual love by leisure, Nor any type of
my poor Heart's release
Remains to me. How shall I take
the seizure Of her love's forfeiture ?
which took such peace Combined
with a former love. Then cease To
vex with sorrows, and thy griefs
increase 'Tis for PARTHENOPHE ! thou
suifer'st smart.
Wild Nature's wound 's not curable by
Art. Then cease, which choking sighs and
heart-swolPn throbs. To draw thy breath,
broke off with sorrow's sobs!